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From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 27).

Engelberg, August 23, 1831.

My heart is so full, I must tell it to you. I have just now, here in a most charming valley, taken up Schiller's "William Tell" again, and have only read the first half scene;—after all there is no Art like our German! God knows, how it comes; but I think, that no other people can understand such a beginning, to say nothing of making it. That is what I call a poem, and a beginning; first the clear, lucid verses, in which the mirrorlike, smooth lake and all chime together; and then the unimportant, prolix chat of the Swiss, and then Baumgarten's sudden appearance in the midst of them—it is indeed too divinely beautiful! What is there not fresh, not vigorous, not transporting? But in music there is as yet no such work; and yet something as perfect must some day be made. Then again it is really too good, that Schiller has created his whole Switzerland for himself; that everything is so faithfully portrayed, so strikingly true: the life, the people, nature, landscape, although he never saw the country himself. I felt at once very glad, when the old landlord here, in the high, lonely village, brought me from the cloister the book with the well-known characters and the familiar name; but the beginning has again surpassed all my expectations. It is more than four years, too, since I have read it; I will go over afterwards to the cloister, and vent my feelings somehow on the organ.

Afternoon. Do not think it strange, but just read the first scene through once more, and then you will understand me. Such passages as that, where all the shepherds and hunters cry out: save him, save him, save him!, or the end of the Grütli scene, where the sun is about to rise, really could have occurred only to a German, in fact only to Herr von Schiller; and the whole piece swarms with such passages. Let me only mention that, at the end of the second scene, where Tell comes to the house of Stauffacher with the rescued Baumgarten, and closes the excited scene so calmly and securely; that is, besides the beauty of the thought, so thoroughly and truly Swiss. Then the beginning of the Grütli scene. The Symphony, which the orchestra should play at the end, I have composed this morning in my thoughts, because I could not do much on the little organ. A multitude of things and plans have occurred to me.—There is a monstrous deal to do in the world, and I will be industrious. What Goethe said to me: "Schiller could have turned out two great tragedies a year," had always inspired me with particular respect, in spite of its tradesman-like expression. But this morning for the first time it became quite clear to me, how much the observation meant, and I have seen that one must gather up his faculties.—Even the errors in the play are amiable, and there is some-

thing great in them: and while Bertha, and Rudenz, and the old Attinghausen seem to me great weaknesses, one can still see how he had his object in all that, and how he had to make it just so; and it is consoling, that so great a man has made for once so great a failure. I have had a very happy morning by the means, and it has put me in that mood, in which one wishes such a man back to life again, so that he may express his thankfulness to him; and in which one longs to make something himself some day, which may transport another into such a mood hereafter.

You will hardly comprehend how I came to settle down here regularly in Engelberg. It happened thus. Since I was in Unterseen I have not had a day of rest, and so I wished to stay a day in Meiringen, but let the lovely weather of the morning entice me on as far as here. On the mountains the usual rain and storm overtook me again, so that I arrived considerably fatigued. Now there is here the neatest inn one can imagine, clean, orderly, very small and rustic; an old white-haired landlord; the wooden house stands back from the road alone upon a meadow; the people are as friendly and good-natured, as if one were at home.—This sort of charm too one finds only with people who speak German, I believe; at least I have never met with it anywhere else; and if people of other countries do not miss that, or hardly like it, I am just from Hamburg, and find it very homelike and agreeable. So that it is no wonder, that I have made my day of rest here to-day, with these honest old people. My room is full of windows on all sides, looking out upon the valley; wainscoted with handsome wood from top to bottom; divers moral maxims and a crucifix hang upon the wall; a stout green stove, with a bench all round it; two high beds. As I lie in my bed, I have the following prospect:

[Pen sketch.]

Here again I have failed to get the buildings right, or the mountains either; but I think I can show it to you better in my book, if the weather is tolerable to-morrow. The valley, I suspect, will become one of the dearest to me in all Switzerland; as yet I have not seen the mighty mountains, by which it is enclosed; they were covered with mist all day; but the wondrous lovely meadows, the many brooks, the houses and foot of the mountains, so much of them as comes in sight, are beautiful above all things. The green especially in Unterwalden is more splendid than in any other Canton, and it is famous even among the Swiss for its *matten*. The journey from Sarnen, to begin with, was charming, and finer, larger trees or a more fruitful land I never saw, than there. Besides the way is as little difficult, as if one only went to walk in a great garden; the slopes are overgrown with tall, slender beech trees; the stones all covered with moss and weeds; springs, brooks, little lakes, houses,—on one side the view toward Unterwalden with its green meadows; then in a few minutes the entire Hasli-thal, with the snow

mountains, and the cascades from the rock walls; and all along the way is shaded by thick, powerful trees. Now yesterday morning, as I have said, I let the sunshine mislead me into coming through the Gentel-thal upon the ridge; but on the ridge the frightfullest weather overtook us again; we had to come through the snow, and the excursion became once or twice unpleasant. But presently we came out of the rain and snow, and then there was a heavenly moment, when the clouds lifted, and we still stood in them, and far below us, as if through a black veil, saw the green Engelberg valley appear through the mists. Then we came swiftly down; presently we heard the clear convent bell ring *Ave Maria*, and then saw the white building lying in the meadows, and after a nine hours' journey arrived here. How good it feels then to be in such a friendly inn, and how the rice cooked in milk tastes, and how long one sleeps into the next morning, let me be silent.

To-day it has been gloomy weather again all day. They brought me "William Tell" from the convent library, and the rest you know. It strikes me still, how great a failure Schiller has made of Rudenz; for the whole character is too weak, and without any motive, and it is just as if he purposely meant to represent him badly. The words, which he speaks in the scene with the apple, would raise him; but then the scene with Bertha came before, so that must pass for nothing. When he joins the Swiss after the death of Altinghausen, you think he is entirely changed; but instantly he pops out with the information that his Bertha has been snatched from him; and so again it is no merit of his. It has occurred to me, that if he should speak the brave words against Gessler precisely so, *without* the scene with Bertha preceding, and if such a scene should spring out of it in the following act, the character would certainly be much better, and the declaration scene less purely theatrical, than it is now. But that may be killing the hen to get the egg, and I should like to hear your opinion about it. One cannot speak of such things to a learned man; the gentlemen are too shrewd. But if I chance to meet in these days one of the newer young poets, who look down upon Schiller, and only partially approve him, it will be his misfortune, for I will trample him to death.—Now good night; to-morrow I must get up early; it is a great festival day in the convent, and solemn service, and I have got to play the organ for them. The monks listened this morning, as I improvised a little; it pleased them, and so they have invited me to play the feast day in and out to-morrow. The Pater organist has also given me a theme, to improvise upon; it is a better one than ever could occur to any organist in Italy:

Adagio.



Now I will see, what I will make of it to-morrow. I have also played this afternoon in the

church there a couple of new organ pieces by myself; they sounded pretty well. When I passed the cloister in the evening, the church was closed, and scarcely were the doors shut, when the monks began to sing aloud the *Nocturnes* in the dark church. They intoned the deep B natural. It sounded superbly, and one could hear it still far down the valley.

August 24.

This was a day again! The most splendid, brightest weather, blue sky such as I have not seen since Chamouni; festival in the village, and on all the mountains. When one after long mist and misfortune sees again some morning from the window the entire, pure mountain chain, with all the peaks, it does him a deal of good. You know they are most beautiful after rain; but today they looked as clear as the egg just out of the shell. The valley is second to none in Switzerland; if I ever come this way again, it shall be my chief point; it is even lovelier, and broader and freer than Chamouni, and airier than Interlaken. The Spannörter are incredible fags, and the round Tidis, laden with snow, with his foot in the meadows, and the Urner rocks in the distance, are not bad either. Now we have full moon besides; the valley is dressed up. I have done nothing but draw and play the organ all day long. This morning I discharged my duty as organist; it was splendid then. The organ is close by the high altar, near the choir stalls for the *patres*. So I took my place in the midst of the monks, a true Saul among the prophets; by my side an ugly Benedictine scraped the double-bass, some others fiddles; one of the *honoratières* played the leading fiddle. The *pater præceptor* stood before me, sang solo, and directed with a long stick as thick as your arm; the pupils of the convent in their black cowls formed the chorus; an old, reduced countryman played with them on an old, reduced oboe; and quite in the distance sat two, quietly tooting away into great trumpets with green tassels. And for all that the thing was very edifying; one could not help liking the people, for they had zeal, and all worked as well as they could. A Mass by Emmerich was given; every note had its cue and its powder; I played the general bass faithfully from my figured part; put in wind instruments from time to time, when it grew tedious to me, made also the *Responsoria*, improvised upon the given theme, was finally obliged, at the desire of the prelate, to play a march, hard as it came to me upon the organ, and was dismissed with honor.

This afternoon I had to play before the monks again alone; they gave me the nicest themes in the world, among others the *Credo*. I made a successful fantasia on it; it is the first in my life, which I would like to have written down; but I only recall the general drift of it, and beg permission to insert a passage of it here, which I should not like to forget, for Fanny. By degrees there came in more and more counter-themes against the *Canto fermo*, first pointed notes, then triplets, at last rapid sixteenths, out of which the *Credo* had to work itself again continually; but quite at the end the sixteenths went mad, and there came arpeggios over the whole organ in G minor; then in long notes (the arpeggios still continuing) I took the theme in the pedal, so that it closed with A; on the A now I made an organ-point in arpeggios, and then it suddenly occurred to me to make the arpeggios with the

left hand alone, so that the right could set in far above with the *Credo* again, somewhat in this manner:



Then came a hold upon the last note, and a pause, and then it closed. I wish you could have heard it; I believe it would have pleased you.—Then the monks had to go in to *Complet*, and we took right hearty leave of one another. They wanted to give me letters of introduction for some other places in Unterwalden, but I forbade it, because I intend to go to-morrow morning to Lucerne; and then in five or six days I shall be out of Switzerland.

Your FELIX.

(To be continued.)

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of DR. HEINRICH VON KREISLE.

(Continued from page 9.)

We now leave Schubert's vocal works, to turn to his compositions for instruments and cursorily glance over the most important of them.

Let us take up then first his compositions for the Piano. We mentioned above that he composed for this instrument in his early youth. In 1810 he wrote a *Fantasia* for four hands, which was followed in 1811 by a second and in 1813 by a third. In 1815 he composed the *Sonatas* in F and C and in 1816 a *Sonata* in F. They were succeeded in the years 1817 and 1818 by no less than six *Sonatas* (in E flat, F minor, A minor, A flat major, C and F); and those again by others in the next years, until their long series was closed by the three grand *Sonatas* in C minor, A and B flat, composed in the last year of his life. These last three *Sonatas*, Schubert intended to dedicate to Hummel, whom he esteemed very highly; his death intervening, the publishers dedicated them to Robert Schumann. Besides these *Sonatas*, the following have been published:

Grand *Sonata* in A minor, op. 42, dedicated to the Arch-Duke Rudolph.

Grand *Sonata* in D major, op. 53, dedicated to Mr. Bokle.

Grand *Sonata* in E flat major.

Grand *Sonata* in A minor, op. 143, by the publishers dedicated to Mendelssohn.

Grand *Sonata* in B major, op. 147, dedicated to Thalberg by the publishers.

Grand *Sonata* in A minor, op. 164.

Grand *Sonata* in A major, op. 120; the *Fantasia* op. 78, (*Andante*, *Menuetto*, *Allegretto*); and the *Fragment*, op. 145.

There are not wanting some among these *Piano-forte* pieces, that do great honor to their composer; indeed several of these *Sonatas*, to which in a less strict sense the *Fantasia*, op. 78, belongs, have hardly been surpassed by other compositions of the same class for the Piano in the time after Beethoven.

The *Sonata* in A minor op. 42, those in D op. 53, in A major op. 120, and the *Fantasia* op. 78 are especially interesting and charming compositions. It was a strange accident that just those *Sonatas* were dedicated to Rob. Schumann, the enthusiastic admirer of Schubert's genius and especially of his compositions for the Piano, which seemed to him somewhat strange "on account of the simplicity of invention." "The *Sonatas*," Schumann writes of them in his musical paper (*Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*) "have been designated (by the publishers) as the last work

of Schubert, and strangely enough. A person, who knew nothing of the time when they were composed, might perhaps judge differently—as I myself would have placed them in an earlier period of the artist. As for me the *Trio* in E flat major always appeared to me as Schubert's last work, as his most individual and original work. It would be superhuman, to be sure, that a man, composing as much and as much daily as Schubert did, should constantly write better and in every new effort surpass himself; and thus these *Sonatas* may really be the last works by him. Whether he wrote them on the sickbed, or not, I could not learn; the music seems to warrant the first conclusion. Be that as it may, these *Sonatas* seem to me strikingly different from his others. This appears especially in the much greater simplicity of invention, in giving up voluntarily brilliant novelty, while in other works he demands so much of himself, in the lengthy treatment of certain general musical ideas, instead of twining in new threads from period to period. As if it never would come to an end, never troubled for a continuation, ever musical and melodious the piece runs on from page to page, now and then interrupted by stronger upheavings, which however soon subside again. This is the impression they made on me. Cheerfully and gracefully and kindly he comes to a close, as if he might begin the next day anew."

Schumann has excellently characterized in this passage the amiability and unceasing creative impulse of his favorite, and one remark he makes in speaking of these three *Sonatas*, may be applied to about all Schubert's Piano music. The "stronger upheaving" namely, the energetic chorals and powerful passages, generally very soon give way in the most graceful manner to melodious, quieting ones, as it so frequently happens in the first movements of the *Sonatas*. Swiftly on the contrary and with fire, sometimes in the rhythm of Hungarian dance, the last movement often hastens over far-stretching distances to the close; the *Scherzi* are full of originality and somewhat in Beethoven's manner; in the *Andante* we generally hear a simple, beautiful song, sometimes carried on in charming variations.

The most significant and largest piece for the Piano, next to the *Sonatas*, written by Schubert, is the grand *Fantasia* in C, op. 15. It is likewise full of melodic beauties and original traits, but refuses to come within the bounds of strict form, being a free play of his imagination still more decidedly than is the case in other instrumental pieces by Schubert. On the other hand the whole plan and treatment of this piece so invites orchestral treatment, with the exception of the melodious passage in the middle of the piece, that Franz Liszt, correctly recognizing its symphonic character, composed an orchestral accompaniment for it, with his peculiar mastery for just such arrangements. In this form the *Fantasia* has been performed several times in Vienna.

Besides the Piano pieces just mentioned, Schubert composed many others, in smaller forms, among which are the ten *Variations* (composed in 1815), a *Scherzo* and *Trio* (composed in 1817), an *Allegretto* (for Herr Walcher as a memento, composed in 1827) an *Adagio*, a *March* with *Trio*, the well known *Impromptus* and *Moments musicaux*, for the greater part very charming compositions full of genius, and lastly a considerable number of dances. Among the latter the greater number are *Allemandes* and *Laendler*, owing their origin mostly to Schubert's improvisations at family-balls, and published afterwards under the title of "First Waltzes, Original Dances" (containing the well-known Waltz of mourning, or *Le Desire**) "*Laendler* and *Waltzes*" (two books). "German dances," known under the name of "Homage to the beautiful Viennese ladies," "*Valses nobles* and *sentimentales*," "*Gratzert Waltzes*,"

* Erroneously ascribed to Beethoven.
† Gratz is the capital of Styria. Tr.

and "Last Waltzes." Besides these he also composed *Golopp* and *Evaraises*.

He also composed a great number of four-hand pieces for the Piano. Prominent among them are: the Fantasia in F minor, dedicated to the Countess Caroline Esterhazy, a piece of music well known and much played on account of its noble beauty; the Variations on a French song, dedicated to Beethoven and the "*Divertissement en forme d'une marche brillante e raisonnée*." There are to be mentioned besides these, the eight Variations on a theme from Herold's opera "Marie," and eight Variations on an original theme; an *Andantino varié et Rondeau brillant* on French original motives a grand; Rondo in A (op. 107); a Sonata dedicated to Count Palffy; a second one (op. 30); the grand Duo composed in June, 1824, (op. 140); the Fugue in E minor, composed in 1828 in Baden, the Overture in A flat (op. 34); and the "Storms of life," composed in May, 1828. With these compositions may be classed: the *Divertissement à la Hongroise*, an extended piece of music (composed in 1818 in Zeléz) in which Hungarian motives appear, treated in a charming and fine manner; * six Polonaises and Trios; also four Polonaises with Trios; and finally the various Marches, as: Military and Heroic Marches; six marches and six Trios; the "*Marches caractéristiques*;" the Dirge for the funeral of the emperor Alexander of Russia, and *Marche heroique* for the coronation of the emperor Nicholas; in the latter Russian popular melodies are used.

Already from this enumeration of Schubert's piano-forte works, which makes as little claim to completeness as that of his songs, or that of his other instrumental works, his activity and fruitfulness in this department may be inferred. A fullness of beautiful melodies, surprising transitions, and single fine traits come continually to light also in these four-hand pieces; although it cannot be denied, that some of them, as for example "The Storms of Life," the Sonatas op. 30 and 140, by the too broad spinning out of the thoughts, become monotonous and make the hearer long for the end. In the latter Duo (dedicated by the publishers to Clara Wieck) Robert Schumann recognized rather an orchestral than a piano work (as Liszt did afterwards in the Fantasia in C.)

"The Duo," Schumann writes, "appears to me to have originated under Beethoven's influence; and I took it for a Symphony, transferred to the piano, until the original manuscript, in which it is designated by his own hand as a four-hand Sonata, tried to convince me otherwise. Tried, I say, for still I cannot get rid of my thought, that one, who writes as much as Schubert, uses little ceremony about titles; and so perhaps in haste he superscribed his work Sonata, while it stood finished in his head as a Symphony. Familiar with his style, with his way of treating the piano, comparing this work with his other Sonatas, in which the purest piano-forte character is expressed, I can only explain it to myself as an orchestral piece. You hear stringed and wind instruments, *tutti* passages, single *solis*, roll of kettle drums; the great broad symphonic form, even the allusions to the Beethoven Symphonies, likewise support my view. At the same time I would defend the Duo against the charge, that it is not always rightly conceived for a piano-forte piece, while as an arranged Symphony it would have to be regarded with other eyes. If we take it so, we are one Symphony the richer."

Schumann does not stand alone in his opinion. Other competent musicians say, that this Sonata was undoubtedly designed to become an orchestral piece. So too in regard to the first two *Impromptus*, op. 142, Schumann is of the opinion, that Schubert did not

* Allusions to Hungarian melodies occur also in the "*Moments Musicaux*," in some movements of his Sonatas, and in the Symphony in C.

† Franz Liszt has arranged some of the marches for orchestra.

superscribe them so, and that the first is doubtless the first movement of a Sonata, of which the other is the second movement; while the concluding movements either were not composed or have got lost; the fourth *Impromptu*, although not decidedly belonging to it, might then be added as Finale.

(To be continued.)

Ferdinand Hiller's New Opera.

[From the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*. Translated for the London Musical World.]

On Saturday, February 15th, the new four-act opera, entitled *Die Katakomben*, the words by Herr M. Hartmann, and the music by Ferdinand Hiller, was produced for the first time at the Ducal theatre, Wiesbaden. It is really quite an event for the management of a German Court theatre to decide on producing the unknown work of a German composer, and to do everything in its power to render the performance and the *mise-en scène* worthy of the work. Not only the composer, but German music itself, owes a deep debt of gratitude to the Baron von Bose, Intendant of the Wiesbaden theatre, for having opened a path for a German opera, which, doubtless, will continue to enjoy the same success which has hitherto distinguished it.

This work requires, it is true, an audience still capable, in every respect, of a serious frame of mind, that is, with respect to the purport of the drama, and especially the music, and whose appreciation of sterling beauty has not yet been deadened by modern Italian effect-music, and French spectacle opera. The subject of the story is a serious, not to say religious, one, since it aims at exhibiting the martyrdom of the first Christian community, and the contrast between the new and inward world rising in the minds of men, and the empty nothingness of the Roman world sunk in sensuality. Although the poet may have sketched too sharply the two principal representatives of this contrast, namely, the Roman lady Lavinia and the slave Lucius, the leader of the Christian band, the tone of the drama is, on the whole, well preserved, and not obscured or spoiled by aught that is out of place.

Without criticizing the details, we will give enough of the story to characterize the music, and furnish the reader with an intelligible summary of the whole.

After a short instrumental introduction, the action commences with a Bacchanal in the apartments of Lavinia, a noble Roman lady, of the family of the Cæsars. The music is wildly characteristic; the female chorus forms a gentle middle movement, which celebrates, with graceful melody, the Goddess of Love. The wild joy produces no impression on Lavinia. Claudius, the prefect of Rome (barytone), orders the Ionian singer, the slave Clythia, to sing a song; the fair Ionian, who is secretly a Christian, sings how the Lord, "who walked as God upon the earth, forgave the sinning woman who had deeply loved." This song, charmingly composed as a ballad, and received with great applause, causes Lavinia to start; but Claudius recognizes in it the "Slave-god of the Nazarenes" and inveighs against the "Devoted race which threatens the Gods of Rome." The whole forms, with the chorus, an introduction full of life and character. The guests disperse. The following duet of Lavinia, who, in the "Desert of the Heart," laments a suffering "which even Gods cannot alleviate," and of Claudius, who in vain endeavors to gain her love, is especially distinguished by the beautiful melodic flow in the part of Claudius, and was received with lively marks of approbation.

Tumultuous sounds are heard approaching from without; Timotheus, a Christian, is being pursued by the mob, who follow him into the halls of Lavinia. He falls at her feet. In order to clear himself from his crime, he is ordered by the Prefect to light the sacrificial flame before the statue of Venus. The slave Lucius brings the torch, and admonishes him, in a low voice, "not to deny the Lord." Timotheus, strengthened by Lucius's looks, refuses compliance; the people want to drag him off to death, despite the endeav-

ors of the Senator Cornelius (bass), who is himself at heart a Christian, to prevent them from so doing; but Lavinia protects the fugitive, and haughtily opposes the wishes of the rude crowd.

We have now a fine musical situation, skilfully introduced by the author, and admirably worked out by the composer in a sestet (two sopranos, two tenors, baritone and bass); a vocal piece with full orchestra, and the chorus gradually introduced, such as we should in vain seek in the operatic works of the last ten years, as far as regards the beautiful melodic fancy, the deep and yet clear way in which the harmonic flow is worked out, and the grandeur of the form and general effect. The impression produced was so great that the house burst forth in two rounds of applause. The only thing which could improve it would be to make the part of Cornelius, which, in extent, is somewhat unimportant, superior to the first bass; but this alteration would be attended with some difficulty, considering the common notions of singers about the rank of the respective parts and their own in particular.

After Timotheus has been led off, through Lavinia's interposition, the first act is brought to a close by an energetic chorus of the Romans: "*Erwacht, ihr Götter, zum Tag der Rache*" ("Awake, ye Gods, for the day of vengeance!") through which the solo voices are distinctly heard; so that the whole scene, from the entrance of Timotheus, pursued by the mob, forms a grand and magnificent finale, which can never fail to produce the same powerful effect which it produced on the first night. The audience, in a state of great excitement, would not cease applauding and calling for Hiller and the artists, until the latter appeared, and received the thanks they had so well merited; for the first act was quite sufficient to convince every one, capable of appreciating such performances, that the opera had been most carefully rehearsed under the direction of Herr Hagen, equally well placed upon the stage by Herr Jaskewitz, and studied by every one concerned with real love for the task—a fact which became more and more apparent throughout the whole representation down to the very last note.

The first act is well arranged by its author, and conducts us immediately into the midst of the conflict, which is to be unrolled before our eyes. With regard, however, to the personages of the drama, it leads us into error, since by the course pursued, Lucius, who is really the exponent of the principal idea, in no way attracts our attention, while Timotheus is placed in the foreground, and monopolizes all our interest. But he does not reappear. He dies of his wounds, as we are informed, at the commencement of the second act.

In the second act we behold the interior of the Catacombs, those subterranean stone quarries and excavations around Rome, in which the first bands of Romish Christians held their religious meetings, and which were subsequently employed as burial grounds. Lucius now appears as the leader of the pious sufferers, as the enthusiastic priest of the new religion. The recitative and air: "*Wie lange noch, o Herr, willst du auf Erden in Elend schmachten lassen deine Herden?*" ("How much longer, O Lord, wilt thou allow thy flocks to languish in misery here on earth?") are very fine; their simple style may be compared to that of Méhul in *Joseph*. The song was greeted with loud applause. The following duet between Clythia and Lucius is one of the best pieces in the second act; it is really a pity that its conclusion, or rather, its non-conclusion, hinders the outburst of applause in which the audience feel inclined to indulge. It merges into a soft prelude, in which Clythia takes her lyre, and endeavors, by playing, to alleviate the sorrow she feels because Lucius rejects her loving heart. But the strict Presbyter, who already anticipates in his own person the subsequent oaths of chastity, poverty, and the renunciation of all worldly joys, orders her to part at once with her "sounding companion." The poet must answer for this, but, speaking in a musical sense, the scene furnishes an opportunity for a wonderfully beautiful and very touching song on the

part of the poor girl, when she lays her lyre on a grave, never to touch it more. Repeated rounds of applause and a call rewarded the efforts of the fair artist (Mad. Deetz) and of the composer.

The stage is empty.—Lavinia appears.—She has spied out the meeting-place of the Nazarenes, and has made her way to it. Suddenly there echoes behind the scenes the chorus of Christians singing the praises of Him who arose from the dead. This simple strain in unison, resolving itself at the conclusion only into a harmonic chord on the words: "He has risen again!" when considered in connection with the situation in which the woman, satiated with a sensual and luxurious life, stands alone as though annihilated before an unknown power in the sepulchral and subterranean vaults, produces a remarkable effect, which, despite its awing influence, compelled the audience, after a breathless pause, to break out in a storm of applause. The soul of Lavinia is greatly moved; she feels a presentiment of a new God, who perhaps, may be able to arouse her "withered heart from the cold bonds of weariness to new life."

She steps behind a piece of rock, for a procession of Christians is advancing: they are burying the body of Timotheus. A funeral procession is always a dangerous thing on the stage. We ourselves would have made it pass over quite in the background, by which arrangement the chorus of Christians and the song of Lucius, on account of the religious feeling which they breathe, would produce a greater effect. Not until the bier had been removed, would Lucius then advance and call upon the pious band to prepare the sacred meal. Lavinia now suddenly advances, fearlessly and proudly; Lucius protects her against the rage of his companions, who are apprehensive of treachery. She acknowledges freely that she is seeking the new God, in whose power she hopes to find other passions and a relief from her disgust for life. The Christians exclaim indignantly against her blasphemy, and wish to prevent her escaping; but Lucius reminds them of the commandments of the Lord, the commandment to love their fellow creatures. He shows himself in all his worth, which enchains and entrances the sinner, Lavinia. He breaks out into a fiery prayer to the Lord to enlighten the proud woman. This prayer, thanks to the co-operation of the chorus, becomes a magnificent hymn, which concludes this act, as the former one was concluded, in a grandiose style.

This finale—which, beginning with the funeral procession, and being of a very different character to that which forms the finale of the first act, offers far greater difficulties to the composer—excited still more enthusiasm. Lavinia (Mlle. Lehmann) and Lucius (Herr Schneider) were called on, while Hiller himself, unable a second time to avoid satisfying the stormy wish of the public, also appeared in the midst of long sustained applause, upon the stage.

The third act commences with a pleasing chorus of Lavinia's female attendants, who are adorning their mistress for the reception of the victorious Caesar, about to make his triumphal entry into Rome. What follows is somewhat long, and has not sufficient action. The principal scene—the grand duet between Lavinia and Lucius, in a musical sense one of the most brilliant bits in the opera, with splendidly beautiful points, especially in the part of Lucius (except that, at the conclusion, the instrumentation overpowers the vocal portion, which is never or seldom the case elsewhere in the score)—this scene, we think, does not achieve its dramatic object, since the rejection of Lavinia by Lucius does not elevate him, while Lavinia, by her humiliation before the man whom she so earnestly beseeches to love her, fritters away rather than excites our sympathy.

The scene now changes to a large open square. Senators and Roman warriors form a procession, under the guidance of the Prefect, Claudius, with standards and eagles, to the strains of a pompous march, the spirited character of which is enhanced by the chorus. Lavinia appears. With rage and indignation against Lucius in her heart, she

calls upon Claudius to suppress the Christians, and discloses to him the entrance to the catacombs. Claudius hastens to the Emperor, for the purpose of obtaining from him the order for the destruction of the Nazarenes. A heroic air of the latter, and a chorus of warriors in praise of the approaching victor terminate this act, also, in a magnificent manner. It brought down thunders of applause, the grand duet, also, being loudly applauded.

In the last act, the stage represents the ruins of a temple of Vesta, at the side of which is the entrance to the Catacombs.

Lucius appears. He has received information of Lavinia's treachery. He summons the brethren out of the Catacombs, in order to save them, and deliver himself up alone to death for the sake of his faith. The Christians depart from him and their place of refuge. We think the whole scene is superfluous, since the Christians return, and thus only make up their mind to sacrifice themselves as they come along, which does not produce a good impression. Musically speaking, too, it is not important, and, perhaps, hardly ought to be so. The more striking is the following grand scene for the tenor, a magnificent recitative, an *andante* with violoncello solo: "*Mein Durst wird bald gestillt—was ich erliefte, es naht mit Himmelsglanz*" ("My thirst will shortly be assuaged—what I have prayed for approaches with heavenly glory"); and, lastly, a fiery *allegro*: "*Herbei, ihr Henkerschaare!*" ("Come on, ye hordes of Headsmen!") with an unusually beautiful melodic turn on the words: "*Mein Geist ist licht von Himmelsstrahlen, In Flammen steht mein Herz*" ("My soul is light with heavenly rays, my heart is in flame.") the composer goes back to the *tempo* of the beginning, rising at last to a high pitch of enthusiasm, with a more lively rhythm on the words: "*Befrei, mich, o Herr, aus meiner Haft, Verschmäh' mein Opfer nicht*" ("Free me, O Lord, from my captivity, and do not despise my sacrifice"). The whole scene is truly magnificent. It was excellently rendered by Herr Schneider, and greeted with long-sustained applause.

Claudius appears, and despatches his military followers to drag out of the subterranean retreat the Christians, who are destined to be offered up on the arena to the wild beasts. The soldiers return; the catacombs are empty. Claudius is furious; Lucius comes forward to him and exclaims: "*Die Beute, die du suchst, steht hier!*" ("The prey you seek stands before you!") At the same time, Clythia, who has concealed herself in the ruins, offers herself as a victim. At this moment, Lavinia, lashed by the Furies, rushes in. In vain she begs Lucius from the Prefect, who is the more immovable, because she confides to him her love for the slave. A quartet (Lavinia, Clythia, Lucius, and Claudius) expresses the exciting nature of the situation, and was received with applause.

The Christians, who have previously left, now rush in, in order to die with their shepherd and master. The Senator, Cornelius, follows, and acknowledges his belief in the only true God; while even Lavinia herself exclaims: "*Mich auch führt in den Tod, Ich auch bin von Ihrer Schaar!*" ("Lead me, also, to death, for I, too, am one of your band!") But the Christians reject and avoid her. She stands deserted and alone. Claudius approaches her. "*Sei mein!*" he says. But she proudly rejects him, and kills herself. Claudius rises scornfully before the dying woman, and hurls forth the order for the destruction of the Christians; the latter, however, gathered round their leader, sink upon their knees, and sing with him the following hymn of Victory!

"Uns ist der Sieg,
Die ihr bekriegt:
Mit uns ist Gott,
Und ihr erliegt!
Hallelujah!"

"To us, on whom you war, is the victory; God is with us, and you are vanished! Hallelujah!" In this hymn, the composer once more concentrates the whole force of his genius and the treasures of his musical resources, in order to place

most conspicuously before the audience the moral importance of the entire drama, and the spirit in which he has striven to idealize it by the power of tone. He has been successful. The impression produced was of an elevating nature, and Hiller was again compelled to appear in obedience to the uproariously expressed wish of the public. Their Highnesses the Duke and Duchess were present, and gave unmistakable signs of their satisfaction from beginning to end. The performance, as we have already mentioned, was altogether admirable. The chorus and orchestra vied with the representatives of the principal parts in their devotion to their task, and, if we take into consideration the state of things at a small theatre, it must be owned that the result was something extraordinary. We cannot close this notice without expressing in the name of German musical art, our warmest thanks to the conductor, Herr Hagen, for his successful exertions to render the first performance of a great and difficult work, by a German brother in art, most effective. We trust the great Royal operatic establishments in Germany will also devote, with zeal and love, to this most important work of a German author and of a German composer resources they so frequently lavish on French and Italian operas.

Beethoven at Gneixendorf.

Under the title of *Beethoven at Gneixendorf*, a certain Dr. L. relates, in No. 10 of the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, some reminiscences of one or two trustworthy contemporaries of Beethoven, in and about Gneixendorf, the estate belonging to the composer's unworthy brother, Johann (Schindler's *Biographie*, vol. ii. p. 131). Those derived *viva voce* from Michael Krenn, who waited on Beethoven, and is still alive, are by far the most interesting. Beethoven, it appears, was only once in Gneixendorf, namely, in the year 1826, during about three months, from reaping time till after the vintage (that is to say, in the months of August, September and October). Michael Krenn was engaged by the mistress of the house to attend upon the great musician. At first, however, the cook had to make the latter's bed. On one occasion Beethoven, seated at his table, was waving his hands about, marking time with his feet, and singing or humming. The cook laughed at this. Beethoven suddenly turning round, perceived her thus laughing, and immediately drove her out of the room. Michael wished to run away with her, but Beethoven, pulling him back, gave him three zwanzigers, and told him he had nothing to fear, but that he must now make his (Beethoven's) bed everyday, and put the room to rights. Michael had to go to the room tolerably early, but was generally obliged to knock for a long time at the door before Beethoven opened it. Beethoven was in the habit of rising at half-past five o'clock, sitting down at his table, marking time with his feet and hands, and writing, as he sang or hummed. At first, Michael, whenever he felt inclined to laugh at this, used to steal out of the door, but he gradually got accustomed to it. At half-past seven the general breakfast was served; after this Beethoven always hastened out into the open air, and wandered in the fields, hallooing, flinging his hands about, walking at one time very slowly, and at another very quickly, or suddenly standing still to write in a kind of pocket-book. On one occasion, when he had returned home, he discovered he had lost it. "Michael," he said, "ran and look for my writings: I must recover them at any price." They were found. At half-past twelve, he used to return home to dinner; after dinner, he used to go into his room and remain till about three o'clock, when he would again roam about the fields up to sunset, for later than that he never went out. At half-past seven, supper was served. He then returned to his room, and, after writing till ten o'clock, retired to bed. He would sometimes play the piano; the latter, however, did not stand in his bedroom, but in the sitting-room. The sitting and bedroom, which no one except Michael was allowed to enter, were situated at the end which looks towards the garden and courtyard, where the billiard-table now stands. While Beethoven was out walking in the morning, Michael had to set the room to rights. While so doing, he would frequently find money upon the floor. When he gave it back to Beethoven, the latter would enquire where he had found it. Michael had to show him the spot from which he had picked it up, when Beethoven would make him a present of it. This happened two or three times, after which Michael found no more money. In the evening he always had to sit

Chopin's Mazurkas.

45

Allegro non troppo.

No. 20.

Op. 30. No. 3.

No. 20.
Op. 30. No. 3.

Allegro non troppo.

f

Risoluto.

Risoluto.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The music features a series of chords and single notes, with a prominent use of the piano (p) and fortissimo (ff) dynamics. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks (*). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'.

Chopin's Mazurkas.

The page contains eight systems of musical notation for Chopin's Mazurkas, each consisting of a piano (treble) and bass (bass) staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings. Performance instructions are provided throughout the piece.

Key performance instructions and markings include:

- pp* (pianissimo) at the beginning of the first system.
- f* (forte) and *pp* (pianissimo) markings in the first system.
- Con anima.* (With spirit) in the second system.
- Dolce.* (Sweetly) in the second system.
- tr* (trill) in the fourth system.
- Sotto voce.* (Softly) in the fourth system.
- Ben legato.* (Very legato) in the fourth system.
- Cres.* (Crescendo) in the sixth system.
- do.* (diminuendo) in the sixth system.
- fz* (forzando) in the eighth system.

The notation is written in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The piece concludes with a final chord marked *fz*.

Chopin's Mazurkas.

47

Allegretto.

f *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Slentando.

Ped. * *Dim.*

Risolute.

f *pp* *pp* *f* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Fine.*

No. 21.

Op. 30. No. 4.

Allegretto.

Sotto voce.

Ped. * *Ped.* *

Chopin's Mazurkas.

48

Chopin's Mazurkas.

f Ped.

p Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

A Tempo.

Poco ritenuto. *Sempre piano.*

Ped.

pp Ped.

Ped.

Poco ritenuto.

Ped.

next to Beethoven, and write down the answers to the questions the latter put to him. As a rule he used to be interrogated as to what had been said about him (Beethoven) at dinner and supper.

One day his mistress sent Michael with five florins to purchase some wine and a fish at Stein. Michael was careless. He lost the money, and returned about twelve o'clock in a state of great agitation to Gneixendorf. His mistress immediately asked where the fish was, and, when he told her about his losing the money, drove him from the place. On coming to dinner, Beethoven at once inquired for his Michael, and the lady related what had occurred. Thereupon Beethoven was fearfully incensed; he gave the lady her five florins back, and insisted that Michael should instantly return. Thenceforth he no longer took his place at the table, but had his meals brought up into his own room, where Michael had also to prepare his breakfast. According to Michael's account, even before this scene, Beethoven hardly ever spoke to his sister-in-law, and but very little to his brother. Michael stated, also, that Beethoven wanted to take him to Vienna, but that the project was abandoned, on the arrival of a cook, who came to bring away the composer.

Music Abroad.

London.

THE OTHER OPERA.—We gave last week the prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden, which last year had the whole field to itself. This time its old rival, Her Majesty's Theatre, comes forward with its prospectus, on which the *Musical World* remarks:

Mr. J. H. Mapleson, the new director, evinced so large an amount of energy in his brief season of Italian Opera at the Lyceum Theatre last year, as to give us every reason to expect a company perfected, if possible, in every branch. At present the sopranos are by far the strongest, and show, in fact, a powerful array of talent. They are as follows:—Mlles. Titiens, Carlotta Marchisio, Louise Michal, Drusilla Florio, Dario, Clara Kellogg and Mad. Guerrabella. Of Mlle. Titiens it is unnecessary to say a word; her fame is world-wide, and she is the accepted successor of Mad. Grisi in the grand tragic line. Mlle. Carlotta Marchisio has spoken for herself in the concert-room. She appeared this year in England for the first time. The sensation created by herself and her sister in singing Rossini's duets cannot be soon effaced. Their worth, however, as dramatic singers has yet to be established with us. It must not be forgotten that Rossini's *Semiramide* was brought out expressly at the Grand Opera of Paris for the "Sisters," and was performed for many nights, according to the press, with immense success. We English critics, nevertheless, are somewhat chary of endorsing the opinions of continental scribes, for reasons not necessary to be stated in this place. They are announced to make their first appearance on Thursday, May 1st, in *Semiramide*, Mlle. Carlotta as Semiramis, and Mlle. Barbara as Arsace; but who is the Assur the prospectus saith not. What a pity when Tamburini quitted the stage he should have carried off so many impersonations with him into his retirement! Shall we never have a successor to that great and versatile artist? After Mlle. Carlotta Marchisio comes Mlle. Dario, of whom we know so little that we shall say next to nothing. Mlle. Dario (or Doria?) is to appear in the part of Oscar in Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*; which, by the way, was produced for the first time in this country by Mr. Mapleson, at the Lyceum, last year. Mlle. Louise Michal—a countrywoman of Jenny Lind, and strongly recommended by her to Mr. E. T. Smith—made a highly favorable impression in 1860, at Her Majesty's Theatre, as Marguerite in the *Huquenots*, exhibiting a voice of great brilliancy and power, and considerable art as a vocalist. As Mad. Lind-Goldschmidt, it is rumored, has pronounced Mlle. Louise Michal her legitimate successor, we may anticipate even greater things from her than her performance of the Queen of Navarre in Meyerbeer's opera. Mad. Guerrabella created so favorable an impression as Maid Marian in Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood* at the Royal English Opera, last winter, that she is sure to become a favorite in Italian Opera, to which it would appear her education has been more immediately directed. She will come out as Elvira in the *Puritani*, with, no doubt, Sig. Giuglini as Arturo, perhaps Sig. Giraltoni as Riccardo; but who is intended for Giorgio we cannot even surmise. What a pity when Lablache quitted the stage he should have carried off so many impersonations with him into his retirement! Mlle. Drusilla Florio is an

utter stranger, to whose talents, in our ignorance, we take off our hat. Mlle. Kellogg, the last name in the list, would be as entire a stranger, but that we have learned something of her antecedents from the New York correspondent of *Deight's Boston Journal of Music*, in which we are informed that the young lady made a highly interesting debut at New York, in 1861, as Linda in *Linda di Chamouni*. Mlle. Kellogg will make her first appearance early in May in *Linda di Chamouni*, with Mlle. Trebelli as Pierotto, Sig. Giuglini, Carlo, Sig. Giraltoni, Antonio, and the Marquis, Sig. Zucchini.

There are three contraltos, Mlle. Barbara Marchisio, Mad. Lemaire, and Mlle. Trebelli. The first has been already alluded to, and her representations, no doubt, will be restricted to operas in which she and her sisters will appear. Mad. Lemaire is an extremely useful artist. Mlle. Trebelli comes to England with a high reputation. She made her first appearance in Madrid as Rosina in the *Barbiere*, in the winter of 1859, with Sig. Mario. From Madrid she went back to Paris, where she resumed her studies, and was engaged by Sig. Merelli for his Berlin troupe, in July, 1860.

The tenors comprise Sigs. Armandi, Canello, Soldi and Giuglini. The last alone is noteworthy. Sig. Armandi may, or may not, be remembered as singing at the Royal Italian Opera some seasons since. Of Sig. Cappello we know nothing, and of Sig. Soldi a great deal, as do also the subscribers to both operas. If the list of tenors be not reinforced, poor Signor Giuglini will have his hands full.

The barytones are Sigs. Giraltoni and Casaboni, and M. Gassier; the basses, Sigs. La Terza, Bossi, Castelli and Zucchini. Sig. Giraltoni would seem to be an artist of mark, seeing that Verdi wrote the part of Renato in the *Ballo in Maschera* expressly for him. M. Gassier is an artist in the truest sense of the word, an honest, straightforward singer, capable of undertaking the highest parts without discredit. The first bass, Sig. La Terza, is unknown to us; Sig. Zucchini has enjoyed for some years in Paris no inconsiderable reputation as a buffo singer.

The orchestra, the prospectus tells us, "with the most especial care to secure thorough efficiency in every department, has been selected from the magnificent band of the Philharmonic Society." Signor Arditi is to be the conductor. The choral force "has been selected with great care and discrimination, with numerous additions from the Italian operas of Paris, Berlin and Barcelona, and the direction confided to Signor Chiaramonte, chorus master of the Théâtre Italien, Paris." From the ballet alone—once the chief spell of attraction at Her Majesty's Theatre—has the glory departed. However, grand operas necessitate *Divertissements*, and so we have Mlles. Lamoureux, Morlacchi, and Bioletta for the leading danseuses, and Signor Garbagnati, from the Scala, Milan, as principal danseur.

The repertory for the season is highly attractive. In addition to the operas already named, we are promised *Oberon*—brought out with so much splendor and completeness by Mr. E. T. Smith in 1860; Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, got up expressly for Mlle. Titiens. Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, with Mlle. Titiens, as the Countess, Mlle. Trebelli, the Page, and Mlle. Kellogg, Susanna; and, "should time permit," *Der Freischütz*.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The eighty-first concert (March 31) was for the benefit and last appearance this season of Miss Arabella Goddard. Of this event the *Morning Post* writes as follows:—

"The concert on Monday last, given for the benefit of Miss Arabella Goddard, attracted an immense audience. The great English pianist, who has contributed so largely to the reputation which the Monday Popular Concerts now enjoy, as the very best entertainment of their kind in existence, was most enthusiastically cheered on entering the orchestra. She performed on this occasion Beethoven's solo sonata, No. 11; Sebastian Bach's 'Tarantella'; and, with Herr Joachim, Beethoven's 'Kreutzer' sonata; and in all was triumphantly successful. In other respects, too, the fame of the Monday Popular Concerts was fully sustained. Herr Joachim played his very best throughout, and was most ably supported by Messrs. Piatti, H. Webb, and L. Ries. The vocalists were Miss Clara Fraser and Mr. Tennant; the accompanist, as usual, Mr. Benedict."

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The third concert was equal in excellence to either of its predecessors, and was attended by such an audience as made the old Hanover Square Rooms (now so pleasantly redecorated) look as gay and brilliant as at any period of their long and musically interesting career. The symphonies were by Haydn and Beethoven. It was delightful to hear the ever fresh and melodious work

of Haydn (known to amateurs as "Letter T")—the first of three grand symphonies in the key of E flat, the best of which seems always the one to which we are immediately listening—and more especially to hear it played *con amore*, so thoroughly in the spirit of the composer, as was the case on Monday night, when the fine orchestra, over which Professor Sterndale Bennett presides with such ability, exhibited a vigor, precision, and unanimity that reflected honor alike on themselves and their conductor. The Beethoven symphony was the colossal "No. 7" (in A major), a work which its second movement—that mysterious "rêverie" in the minor mode, with such seeming inconsistency marked "allegretto"—would alone have immortalized, if happily each of its other parts had not been equally a *chef d'œuvre*. The overtures were Mendelssohn's passionate *Ruy Blas*, and Auber's stirring and splendid *Masaniello* (both given to perfection). The "lion" of the evening was Herr Joachim, who played twice, and in each instance created a sensation almost without parallel. The first performance of this "Emperor of Fiddlers" was Herr Molique's admirable concerto in D minor, a work that will, in all probability, survive as long as the instrument for which it was composed. Every movement of this concerto—as all amateurs of the violin are aware—is masterly; but the last—a *rondo* full of capricious traits, piquant, fanciful, and (despite the affinity of its rhythm to that of the first *allegro* in Beethoven's 7th Symphony) entirely original—is not merely faultless in construction and development, but a genuine inspiration. Still more "marvellous" a feat was the solo in the second part—an *andante* from one of the sonatas of John Sebastian Bach, succeeded by the renowned Fugue in C major, one of those seeming impracticabilities which, though Bach produced them for his own amusement, neither he nor any of his contemporaries could possibly have executed. Here there is no orchestral accompaniment to sustain the player. Melody, harmony, accompaniment and all, must be supplied by his unaided fingers; and this, too, in a fugue, and the fugue, moreover, on a fiddle! Herr Joachim's realization of this dream of the venerable and venerated Cantor of St. Thomas's School at Leipzig, in a word, as far surpassed any of the boasted achievements of Paganini (who scarcely ever played other music than his own) as the achievements of Paganini can have surpassed those of his predecessors—including Tartini, who wrote "The Devil's own Sonata." It fairly electrified his hearers.

Miss Louisa Fyne and Mr. Santley were the singers.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—On Monday night Dr. Wyld commenced the 11th season of the New Philharmonic Concerts with one of the best programmes he has ever given, and before one of the largest audiences ever assembled in St. James's Hall. His band, upwards of eighty strong, is now an instrumental force not easy to match in this or any other country. Nearly all the chief performers are from the Royal Italian Opera, and with these are associated others (Herr Molique and Mr. H. Blagrove—"principal violins"—for example) whose co-operation would be invaluable to any orchestra. Dr. Wyld yearly gains experience as a conductor, and with experience that self-reliance which enables the wielder of the "baton" to inspire his followers with confidence, and thus insure a vigorous and efficient execution. The grand orchestral pieces selected for his opening concert night, were Mendelssohn's symphony in A minor, played at the end of the first part, Beethoven's overture to Goethe's *Egmont*, with which the concert began, and Weber's to *Oberon*, with which it was brought to a close.

To Miss Arabella Goddard—who a week since bade a temporary "farewell" to the patrons of the Monday Popular Concerts, and now made her last appearance in London for the present season—were allotted a concerto and a *fantasia*, each in its way incomparable, the first by Mozart, the last by Beethoven, both with orchestral accompaniments.

The "solo" vocal music was unusually attractive, the singer being Mlle. Titiens, who, in three of her pet pieces—Alice's romance in the first part of *Robert le Diable*: "Bel tzigio" (*Semiramide*); and "Com é bello" (*Lucrezia Borgia*)—delighted the audience beyond measure. Altogether, the entertainment was calculated to enhance the already high reputation of Dr. Wyld's concerts. At the next (May 7th) Herr Joachim is to play, the sisters Marchisio to sing, and Mr. J. F. Barnett Dr. Wyld's most brilliant pupil) to contribute a piano-forte concerto.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The magnificent performance of *Solomon* at the last concert of this society was not only directly interesting on its own account, but indirectly with relation to the approaching Handel Festival, at which—on the second day,

when there is to be (as on the last occasion) a miscellaneous programme—some of the choruses are to be introduced. The numbers chosen for this purpose are among the most splendid and picturesque in a work which abounds in masterpieces of choral writing—viz., "From the Censer" (Part II.), "Music, spread thy voice around," "Shake the dome," "Draw the tear from hopeless love," and "Thus rolling surges rise" (Part III.) We are disposed to suggest the addition of "Praise the Lord" (Part III.), and "May no rash intruder" (Part I.—the so-called "Nightingale" chorus)—the former one of the grandest, the latter one of the most melodious and beautiful in *Solomon*, which, by rendering still more complete, would render still more attractive the already rich selection. These, as well as the others we have named, were given to perfection on Friday night, and thoroughly enchanted the audience (one of the most crowded we remember). A repetition of "May no rash intruder" was insisted on, and Mr. Costa, finding the opinion so unanimous, without hesitation complied. In this vast arena of the Crystal Palace—unless the new arrangements in the orchestra surpass all expectation—the *pianissimo*, so ably sustained in this last-mentioned chorus at Exeter Hall, will have to be very considerably modified. The solo singers were Misses Banks and Louisa Pyne, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Montem Smith and Lewis Thomas. The *Passion* week performance of *The Messiah* is announced for Wednesday, the 16th.

Germany.

BERLIN.—The Bach-Verein (which has recently passed from its former director, George Vierling, into the hands of Herr W. Rust) has given a private concert, at which three of J. S. Bach's Cantatas were performed, viz: 1. *Bleib bei uns, denn es will Abend werden* ("Stay with us, for it will soon be evening"); 2. The Easter Cantata: "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell;" 3. "Break thy bread to the hungry." In the soprano and alto solos two young singers from the school of Gustave Engel, member of the Domchor and critic, presented themselves with great success.

Haydn's Oratorio "The Return of Tobias" has been brought out by Stern's Society, but did not make a great impression; as a whole it was found tedious.

Among the yet unprinted works of Beethoven has been found an Operetta, in the original manuscript. The Landsberg Beethoven collection has been obtained for the Royal Library in Berlin.

The programme for the third Festival of the Central Rhine shows, for the first day: Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*; second day: Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony; a motive from Bach; two unaccompanied choruses by Palestrina and Vittoria; Overture and chorus from *Faniska*, by Cherubini; Hymn by Mendelssohn.

LEIPZIG.—Riedel's Sing-Verein, always busy in such difficult good works, performed Bach's great Mass in B minor, on the 21st of March.—Beethoven's Ninth or Choral Symphony was given in the last (twentieth) concert of the season at the Gewandhaus.

HALLE.—This is not much of a musical capital; but here lives one of the truest and most original musicians of the day, Robert Franz; who, though he has limited himself chiefly to composing those wonderful songs of his, and to arranging and editing works of Sebastian Bach, is more and more looked up to as a man of mark in Germany. He has lately published two more sets of songs, the last being numbered op. 37. Also he has arranged and published (in the same admirable manner with the Arias for Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass) the Arias from Bach's "Passion" music (according to St. Matthew); Duets from various Masses and Cantatas by Bach, and three entire Bach Cantatas, with choruses, airs, recitatives, symphonies and all,—all with pianoforte accompaniment. The University of Halle have recently conferred on Franz the degree of Doctor, partly in acknowledgment of his great services to the world in promoting a better knowledge and appreciation of Bach.

VIENNA.—Bach's *Passion* music, Beethoven's great Mass in D, Haydn's "Creation, Schubert's opera "*Fierabras*," are some of the works brought out here about Easter time.—An orchestra of pupils gave a concert, in which Beethoven's 8th Symphony and Gluck's *Iphigenie* overture were played to great acceptance.—Of the Court Opera (Kärnthnertheater) the musical *Zeitung* complains that the repertoire lately has been pitiable indeed—chiefly Italian and Meyerbeer.

A number of the local artists have arranged a series of 6 subscription concerts, of which the programmes hold out a prospect of much that is novel, or at least not hacknied. The pieces are thus classed.

1. *Chamber Music*. Mozart: Sextet for strings and two horns.—Beethoven: Andante with variations and Finale from *Sonata* in A for piano and violin; Quintet for oboe, 3 horns and fagotto (MS.). Schubert: Fantasia in F minor, piano, four hands; Andante and Var. for piano and flute.—Weber: Piano Quartet.—Spohr: Piano Trio in E minor.—Mendelssohn: B flat major Sonata, piano and cello. Schumann: "Pictures from the East," for piano: four hands; Andante and var. for two pianos.—Reinicke: Impromptu on a theme from "Manfred." Doppler: Serenade for violin, flute, horn and piano. Brüll: Sonata for piano and violin (MS. work of a boy).

2. *Choruses &c.* Cherubini: "Sleep darling child" (female voices).—Schubert: "The Gondolier"; "Hunting Song," arranged from the Ossian songs; *Widerspruch*: "Night song in the woods" (male choruses).—Lachner: "Warrior's Prayer."—Mendelssohn: "Farewell to the Forest;" "The Voyage." Schumann: "Gipsy life."—Gade: "Gondola trip." Otto: *Reiterlied*.—Rubinstein: "War Song."—Pichler Bodig: Quintet for female voices.

3. *Songs* by Schubert, Schumann, Beethoven, Carl Löwe, Taubert, Meyerbeer, Brahms, and others in great variety.—4. *Instrumental Solos and Virtuoso pieces*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 3, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Chopin's *Mazurkas*.

Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night."

After a musical dearth of some weeks, we are to have the privilege to-night (thanks to the enterprise of Mr. B. J. LANG) of listening to an important work by a great master, which is new to us. It is indeed somewhat singular that so unique and famous a creation of the youth named Felix—a genial product of his happiest days, those days which he describes so charmingly in his letters from Rome, which we have all been reading lately—should have remained so long unknown and unattempted in a place of so much musical aspiration and enterprise as Boston. But it comes in good time, and it is pleasant to know that there are such good things left; if contemporary Art is barren, save in vague and questionable Liszt-Wagner-Berlioz strivings, rather than creations, it is a comfort that we have not yet by a long way exhausted the sterling treasures of the days when there was genius and when there were giants. Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis-Nacht" is not one of the greatest works which we thus far only know by hearsay; it is not equal in importance to his own greatest works, with which we have become more or less familiar as his Symphonies, his "St. Paul" and "Elijah," &c.; but it is a thoroughly genial, original, de-

lightful composition, full of charming, of startling and of grand effects; a most successful musical translation of Goethe's curious poem.

The subject is easily stated. Walpurgis figures in the German calendar as the female Saint who converted the Saxons from their Druidical faith to Christianity. The deities of the heathen worship became the devils and witches of the Middle Age tradition; and as Venus was still fabled and believed to hold her court in the heart of a mountain in Thuringia, so the witches and evil spirits of the Northern mythology were supposed to hold their infernal "Sabbath" on the night of the first of May, on the summit of the Harz mountains. With what wild imaginative art Goethe has conjured all its elements together in the famous scene in "Faust!" (Shelley's free translation admirably preserves the spirit of it). Goethe made a poem out of every thing that interested him; it was his way of solving intellectual and moral problems, of reaping and laying up the fruits of his inquiries. So besides the scene in "Faust," he has embodied in a separate little poem, "The First Walpurgis Night," his idea of the manner in which the tradition of the "Witches' Sabbath" may have originated. May Day Eve is dedicated to St. Walpurgis, and naturally the mob of outcast evil spirits choose her night to make a great stir. The idea is, that the Druids fled to the mountains to pursue their ancient rites, unmolested by their Christian persecutors. To avoid detection, which would be death, they took advantage of the superstition of their enemies, and set guards about all the approaches to the place, who dressed themselves up like demons, and ran through the woods with blazing torches and hideous noises, frightening the Christians away.

The poem, as sung, is cleverly translated by Mr. Bartholomew of London, and preserves the spirit of the whole, although it is impossible to transfer to another language the suggestive sound of many of the verses. But that again is more than made good in the music of Mendelssohn. The contents of the Cantata are in brief as follows:

First an Overture, consisting of two movements: *Allegro con fuoco*, representing stormy weather; followed by *Allegro vivace*, in whose lifesome, delicate, fresh harmonies you feel the transition to Spring. This naturally preludes to the Spring song (tenor) and chorus with which the poem opens:

Druid Solo, and Chorus of Druids and People.

Now May again
Breaks Winter's chain,
The Bud and Bloom are springing;
No snow is seen,
The vales are green,
The woodland choirs are singing!
Yon mountain height
Is wintry white;
Upon it we will gather,—
Begin the ancient holy rite,—
Praise our Almighty Father;
In sacrifice.
The flame shall rise;
Thus blend our hearts together!
Away, away!

A more exquisite, inspiring May Day chorus could not be imagined. Sung, as it will be, by 150 fresh voices, it will be too good to lose. The concluding strain, exhorting to the praise of the All-Father, is dignified and solemn.—Then comes a warning voice from "an aged woman of the people" (contralto, Mrs. KEMPTON)—Goethe has it: "one of the people"—masculine—which instantly raises the dark and earnest background of the situation in strong contrast against those

blithe voices of the Spring:

Know ye not, a deed so daring
 Dreams us all to die despairing?
 Know ye not it is forbidden
 By the edicts of our fœmen?
 Know ye, spies and snarers are hidden,
 For the sinners call'd "the heathen"?
 On their ramparts they will slaughter
 Mother, Father, Son, and Daughter!
 If detected,
 Naught but death can be expected.
 On their ramparts, &c.

A chorus of women re-echo the warnings, and then comes the exhortation of the Druid priest (bass, Mr. WETHERBEE), with chorus of Druids, noble and majestic:

The man who flies
 Our sacrifice
 Deserves the tyrant's tether.
 The woods are free!
 Disbranch the tree.
 And pile the stems together.
 In yonder shades,
 Till daylight fades,
 We shall not be detected:
 Our trusty guards shall tarry here,
 And ye will be protected.
 With courage conquer slavish fear,—
 Show duty's claim respected.

The low, whispered chorus of the Druid guards, taking up their position in the pases, and of the rest exhorting them, is very effective:

Disperse, disperse, ye gallant men,
 Secure the pases round the glen!
 In silence there protect them.
 Whose duties here direct them.

A deep bass voice, one of the Druid guards (Mr. RYDER), suggests the scheme for frightening the enemy:

Should our Christian foes assail us,
 Aid a scheme that may avail us!
 Feigning Demons, whom they fable,
 We will scare the bigot rabble!

And now follows the capital number of the work, in which Mendelssohn has given full reins to his fantastical invention, and employed all the sonorous means at his command.

Chorus of Guards and People.

Come with torches brightly flashing;
 Rush along with billets clashing;
 Thro' the night gloom, lead and follow,
 In and out each rocky hollow.
 Owls and ravens,
 Howl with us and scare the cravens!

He has composed it *con amore* and with infinite glee, entering into the full spirit of the fun and noisy, wild *diablerie*. What with gong, and drums, and all the croaking, piercing sounds which needs and *piccolo* afford, he works up the orchestra to the most wildly graphic accompaniment—not ceasing to be musical even when it reaches a pitch that is almost stunning—while the voices seem all the more vividly witch-like for their harmonious rhythm.

To this witch sabbath succeeds its opposite, a dignified, sincere, religious strain, led off in bass solo by the priest, and joined in by all the people:

Restrained by might,
 We now by night,
 In secret, here adore thee!
 Still it is day,
 Whene'er we pray,
 And humbly bow before Thee!
 Thou canst assuage
 Our fœmen's rage,
 And shield us from their terrors—
 The flame aspires!
 The smoke retires!
 Thus, clear our faith from errors!
 Our customs quell'd
 Our rights withheld,
 Thy light shall shine forever.

Goethe gives the persecuted the benefit of the greater reality and sincerity of faith which wrong and suffering impart. It is the Druids here who have the courage and the comfort of the "inner light" at least, and of a trust in the All-Father, while their Christian persecutors are the poor frightened fools of superstition. The next piece is the breathless warning, recitative-like, of a Christian guard (Mr. WADLEIGH) to his comrades:

Help, my comrades! see a legion,
 Yonder comes from Satan's region!
 See you group of witches gliding
 To and fro, in flames advancing;
 Some on wolves and dragons riding,
 See, ah, see them hither prancing!
 What a clattering troupe of evil!
 Let us, let us quickly fly them!
 Imp and Devil,
 Lead the revel;
 See them caper,
 Wrapt in clouds of lurid vapor!

Chorus of Guards.

See the horrid haggards gliding,
 Let us fly them, let us fly, &c.

The trick being crowned with full success, the Druids pursue their solemn rites in peace, and the Cantata concludes with solo of the priest and chorus to the words:

Uncloaked now, the flame is bright!
 Thus faith from error sever!
 Though fœs may cloud or quell our light,
 Yet thine, thy light shall shine forever!

The musical conclusion will hardly be found equal to the dignity and grandeur of this text. Indeed the closing chorus is about the least impressive portion of the work—judging from one rehearsal.

Here then is material enough from which to anticipate a rare musical sensation. And Mr. Lang does not mean to allow us to come away without a clear impression of it; but, in view of the novelty and the shortness of the "Walpurgis Night," he will let us hear it twice in the same evening—a bold experiment, but we believe a good one. No pains have been spared to ensure a good performance.

Music of the Past Week.

There has not been much worth chronicling, in an artistic point of view, during the last ten days; although musical occasions, large and small, have been more than usually frequent. Music there always is, as the embarrassed guest said to the man who dined him: "Very good, what there is of it; plenty of it, such as it is."

The ORCHESTRAL UNION, Wednesday afternoon, instead of a Symphony, gave Liszt's "Preludes,"—the third time it has been heard in the Music Hall this season. Its fine traits and contrasts of sonority make it attentively listened to; and we must own that the orchestra, on this occasion, acquitted themselves wonderfully well with it; it was capitally rendered, for the number of instruments; the storm passage, especially, was made unmistakably graphic and vivid. Here is the whole Programme, which could not this time be called "heavy music for light listeners," as our new-born, bright-faced, clear-voiced friend, "The Monitor" (printed at Concord, Mass.,) has it. (By the way, do you not often find it heavy listening to light music?):—

1. Overture—To "Alessandro Stradella,".....Flotow
 (First time in ten years.)
2. Concert Waltz—"Schwangradler,".....Strauss
3. Les Preludes—A Symphonic Poem.....F. Liszt
4. Transcription—"Napoléon, I am dreaming of thee," with Solo for French Horn and Cornet, arranged by F. Suck. Messrs. Hamann and Heinicke.
5. Polka—"Pauline,".....Gungl
6. Song—(arranged for Orchestra) "When the swallows homeward fly,".....Carl Bergmann
7. Quadrille—From the Grand Opera, "Sicilian Vespers," by G. Verdi, arranged by Carl Zerrahn.

Mr. EICHBERG's clever little Operetta, or musical farce, "The Doctor of Alcantara," still grows in popularity at the Boston Museum, where it was performed last Saturday night, and again on Thursday, and still wins good opinions among really musical people.

The Promenade Concert in aid of the patriotic objects of the "Sanitary Commission," drew a large company to the Music Hall last Saturday evening, and was not without a fair amount of success materially, as well as highly entertaining for the time being. The Germania Band played (with violins, too, as well as brass) good things and plenty of them; Mad-

ame VARIAN sang most acceptably some light and laughing, some sentimental and some stirring patriotic songs; the little Warren Street boys drummed; the little Zouaves paraded; the little girls in white waved their American flags, and there was a good time generally, in token of "a good time coming."

Musically, however, some of the best things have been done rather in a private way. Mr. PARKER and his well-trained Singing Club of amateurs have repeated at Chickering's, to an invited audience, Gade's Ossianic Cantata "Comala," which seemed to us even more beautiful and true to the characters and feeling of the poem, than it did on the first hearing. The chorus of spirits, and the final chorus of bards waiving the soul of Comala to heaven, are very grand. Yet with all its dignity and beauty, there is a certain monotony in the music, as there is in Ossian. Solos and choruses were remarkably well rendered. The first part of the programme was changed; it consisted of a "Prayer: *Da nobis Pacem*," by Mendelssohn; a Bass Song and Quartet from "Elijah"; a *Benedictus*, for Soprano solo and chorus, from a Mass by Weber; and two four-part Songs: "Vale of rest," by Mendelssohn, and "Love in Spring-time," by Hauptmann;—all choice, and beautifully sung, especially the part-songs.

The BOSTON MOZART CLUB (Amateur Orchestra), besides their successful concert for the soldiers, of which we gave the programme last week, gave the fourth and last of their regular "social orchestral entertainments" on Monday evening, with a good selection as usual:

1. Symphony in D major.....Mozart
2. "Soave Imagine" Aria from Il Giuramento Mercadante
 Sung by a Lady Amateur.....Beethoven
3. Overture "Prometheus".....Mendelssohn
4. Andante from Symphony No. 4 (Italian).....Mendelssohn
5. "La Separazione" from "Les Soirées Musicales".....Rossini
 Sung by a Lady Amateur.
6. Transcription of "Scherzo".....Schubert
7. Overture "Le Nozze di Figaro".....Mozart

The Soirée Musicale by several young artists, of which we gave the programme two weeks since, took place as announced at Hallett & Cumston's pianoforte warerooms, and we hear good report of it. There has been also a Choir performance of Handel's "Messiah" at the Harvard Street Church, which is said to have been creditable to those engaged in it. And—to pass from grave to gay—we understand that amateur burlesques of Italian Opera—libretto funnily conceived in full-blown Italian operatic style, with music cunningly selected and dove-tailed together out of well-known operas—in short a species of lyrical "quodlibets," or "pasticcios" (as Handel called them)—are quite rife in this neighborhood. One, in the classic shades of Cambridge, has the pathetic legend of the "One fish-ball" for its motive, and the *sanctus* of "our army" for its justification; another, more publicly exploited, flourishes in Chelsea.

Owing to the Music Hall being otherwise engaged for a week, the next Wednesday Afternoon Concert is postponed to May 14th, when the ORCHESTRAL UNION will play the "Pastoral Symphony," Reissiger's Overture to "Yelva," a Strauss waltz, &c., and Mr. MEISEL will play a violin solo. This will be the 15th concert and the last but one.

Musical Intelligence.

NEW YORK.—The Tribune, April 23, speaks of a new Mass on Easter Sunday:

The performance of the new Mass on Easter Sunday, at the Sixteenth street Catholic Church, composed by Mr. Bergé, its organist, was a complete success—admirable as regards composition and execution. We were much struck with the beauty of the *Credo*, especially the *Et resurrexit*. The *Hosanna in excelsis* was singularly beautiful. The author deserves much credit for the equal manner in which he has divided his solos between the different voices. The ensemble was so good that, except by the increase of volume in the sound, it would be difficult to tell which were the solos and which the chorus.—We must compliment the bass in particular on the clear manner in which he enunciated the words, a rare beauty in the present style of singing. In conclusion, we may be permitted to remark that it is a pity all church-singers do not (like this choir) use the piano occasionally as well as the forte.

Mr. U. C. Burnap, a pupil of Edward Batiste, professor at the French Conservatoire, and one of the most eminent of French organists, gave an Organ Concert on the 24th ult., at the South Congregational Church, with this programme:

Overture, "La Barcarolle,".....Auber
Communion in G, (by request).....Batiste
Grand Offertorio in D minor.....Schmidt
Meditation Religieuse.....Wely
Grand Organ Fugue.....Hesse
Grand Caprice de Concert.....Batiste
La Pastorale.....Ku'lak
Les Versets.....Batiste
Grand Marche Militaire.....Wely
Communion in E minor.....Leinweber
Fantasia on "God save the King".....

NEW STABAT MATER.—At Irving Hall, corner Fifteenth street and Irving place, Mr. J. M. V. Busch will give, Thursday, April 24, a new, original Stabat Mater at his Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert. The Solo parts will be sung by Madame Clara M. Brinkerhoff, soprano; Mlle. Octavie Gornien, alto; Mons. Jul. G. Durant, tenore, and Sr. R. Gonzalez, basso. Messrs. Dodworth's Orchestra has been engaged. J. M. V. Busch, Conductor.

Overture from the Opera *Il Don Giovanni*.....Mozart
Introduction, and the five first numbers of the Stabat Mater Dolorosa.....J. M. V. Busch
Ave Maria, hymn for the Orchestra, arranged by J. M. V. Busch.....Franz Schubert
Dirge, composed at Copenhagen in 1849, in memory of a deceased warrior.....J. M. V. Busch
Steuben National March, composed and dedicated to the 7th Regiment N. Y. S. M., by.....Kruger
—*Tribune*, April 23.

Mr. Busch's "Stabat Mater" was not performed, owing to some difficulty with the orchestra. There ought to be an Academy of Music, beside the dead walls which falsify that name, to produce works. The composer can only reach the public through such means.—*Ibid.* April 23.

The fifth and last concert of the Philharmonic Society was given last Saturday evening, the Symphony being Schubert's in C, in which one of the critics finds no melody! There were instrumental solos by Mr. Wollenhaupt, Hoffmann and Letch.

Theodore Thomas, the popular orchestral conductor and violinist, announces a grand vocal and instrumental concert for May 13th. "Among other attractions, it will contain the whole of Meyerbeer's music for his brother's tragedy of 'Struensee.' This popular and dramatic composition for grand orchestra, with harp obligato and chorus, which enjoys so immense a reputation in Europe, has never yet been produced in this country. He will also bring, for the first time, before an American audience, Wagner's original and descriptive overture, 'Der Fliegende Hollander,' one of the most successful works of the celebrated composer. Another novelty will be the performance, for the first time, of Moscheles's grand pianoforte composition, 'Les Contrastes,' the only one originally written for four pianists, the rendering of which has been entrusted to four of the leading artists in the country." (The "Fliegende Hollander," and "Les Contrastes" have been performed in Boston.)

The Academy of Music was re-opened during last week with a performance of *Rigoletto*, *La Figlio*, *La Favorita*, &c. The *Musical Review* says:

The new tenor, Signor Tombesi, is a lively little man, who sings with spirit, fire and intelligence, acts well, and would be in all respects a very good acquisition, were his voice as fresh and unfauling, as is his desire to please. He has one of those dark-colored voices which can bear a good deal of straining, and we must say he profits largely of this quality. That his sudden hoarseness in the second act proceeded from this cause, we have not the slightest doubt.

Miss Kellogg was a charming Gilda. We earnestly hope, however, that her present success will not interfere with her studies, for her singing requires still more finish. It is not enough, to attack the high tones correctly; they must also sound melodiously, else they are better not sung.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—"THE EASTER MORNING."—One of the best of the 743 musical works of Sigismund Neukomm, a cantata for soprano, tenor, and

basso, solo and chorus, was performed last night by the Choral Society, under the lead of Mr. Edward Wiebe, of this city. The building (Ormond Place Church, Rev. Mr. French's) was crowded, the audience attending by invitation. The exercises embraced selections from eminent American and German composers and the above mentioned composition, which, for the first time, was performed in its adaptation to Mr. W.'s own English version of the poetry. The affair was quite a success. The solos and choruses were rendered in such a manner that none would have thought that so young a society ever could perform with such precision. If some of the solos showed a slight degree of nervousness on the part of any performer, all were nevertheless done in good taste and some had to be repeated. The final chorus, containing a splendidly composed fugue, perhaps not so palatable for the larger part of the audience, was performed with a spirit peculiarly adapted to that style of composition. All the singers seemed to do their part with a right good will, and this, together with the very commendable accompaniment and the efficient lead of Mr. W., made the whole of the evening's exercises a very pleasant entertainment to all who had the good fortune to be present.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

PHILADELPHIA.—The fifth Classical Soirée of Messrs. Wolfsohn and Thomas took place in the Foyer of the Academy of Music, April 24th.

A trio of Mendelssohn, a Sonata of Beethoven, (for piano and violoncello) and a quartet of Haydn were the concerted pieces. Mr. Wolfsohn and Mr. Thomas each played a solo and Mme. Johannsen sang two German songs.

MISS CHRISTIANE SCHMIDT, whose age, it appears, is only ten, instead of eleven, made her debut as a violinist on Saturday evening, at the Musical Fund Hall, before an audience much smaller than was to have been expected on such an occasion. She is a handsome, interesting child, and her violin playing is astonishing. Rode's variations were played in a manner worthy of a mature artist. The Carnival of Venice, arranged by Ernst for two violins, was brilliantly executed by her and her perceptor, Mr. Carl Weber. Manrer's arrangement from *Il Pirata* was also elegantly performed. The little virtuosa has a brilliant career before her. Mr. Wolfsohn, Mrs. Behrens, Mr. Birgfeld and Mr. Droughman assisted.—*Bulletin*.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—One of the local journals notices an event "as worthy of the annals" of this classically named city:

It is well known to many of your readers that on Easter Day no pains are spared to make the services in the Catholic Church as interesting as possible, and to this end much time and labor are devoted to the music. At St. Mary's Church a new Mass by the organist, Mr. Wm. O. Fiske, was performed yesterday morning. The Mass is full of melody throughout, and by no means deficient in that for which classicists are such sticklers, viz: harmony. Did space permit we would like to mention the special beauties of the *Sanctus*, portions of the *Credo* and the *Agnus Dei*.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The following is from a journal two or three weeks old:

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave their second concert of the season, on Tuesday evening last, at Brinley Hall. The programme was a good one, though of a lighter character than many had hoped for. They were assisted by Miss D. P. Pearson, who sang the *Scene and air from Semiramide*: "Bel Raggio," "The Angel's Whisper," and the *Romanza from Preciosa* "Se Contano," with flute obligato; the latter piece being best adapted to her voice; it was beautiful. Though the Irish Ballad was somewhat too hackneyed for such a concert, she sang it well, and received an encore, in answer to which she gave a new patriotic song, with appropriate feeling. The concert opened with the *Overture to Der Dichter und Bauer*, by Suppe, and closed with the *Grand Scena and Air from Der Freischütz*, introducing the beautiful Prayer; both pieces were well rendered. "Souvenir du Tyrol," Fantasia for the Violoncello, performed by Wulf Fries, was a gem. His rendering was perfect, and his instrument spoke in such rich, effective tones, as to leave its deep impression on his hearers. The *Quintet in E flat, Op. 87, by Mendelssohn*, was the principal feature of the programme; it was thoroughly enjoyable. Schultze and Ryan both gave a solo. They give another concert in about a fortnight, when we trust the hall will be filled. Why may we not then have a programme strictly classical? L.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Alice where art thou. Romance. J. Ascher 25

It is not often that we meet with the name of this favorite composer of Pianoforte music on the title page of a Song. It may be surmised that the source whence flowed so many pleasing melodies for the Piano, will not be found less yielding of good things for the singer.

The starry night. For three female voices.

J. Concone 30

An arrangement for Class-singing by the well-known excellent teacher of Singing whose lessons and Solfegios have become so indispensable to the training of the singer. The original French words are added.

The leaving of the old home. C. W. Glover 25

A song, so well made, and laying so well for the voice that it will surely become popular, touching, as it does, a theme, which is dear to every heart.

London's bonnie woods and braes. Scotch song. 25

A famous old Song which the many admirers of the Scotch lyric muse will be glad to see in print again.

Where art thou, wandering little bird. F. Mori 25

An effective Song by a distinguished English balladist. It has often figured in London Concert Programmes and seems an established favorite with the public there.

There's music in thy heart. Robert Bell 25

Melodious and simple.

Instrumental Music.

Magdalena. Transcription. T. Badarzewski 40

An elegant Fantasia on an old Church-air in the usual happy style of the author.

Juniata Quadrille, on favorite airs. P. Laroche 60

The airs are well selected, and well arranged. No dancer will find fault with the music. There is a very pretty Vignette on the title page which makes the pieces as attractive to the eye as it is to the ear.

Within a mile of Edinboro'. Transcribed.

A Baumbach 25

An elegant arrangement of medium difficulty.

Cujus animam. Transcribed. Brinley Richards 40

In this author's usual brilliant style.

Almeda Quadrille. Robert Bell 35

A rather simple Quadrille, well adapted for the Drawing-room.

Books.

THALBERG'S L'ART DU CHANT. (The Art of Singing applied to the piano.) Handsomely bound in cloth. 3,00

The piano cannot render that which is most perfect in the beautiful art of singing, namely, the faculty of prolonging sounds, but the player may overcome this imperfection with address and skill. How this may be done, the great Player has shown in twelve Transcriptions of melodies from the masterworks of great composers. The melody is engraved in large notes, so as to stand out and be recognized easily. They are all figured, and are as invaluable to the accomplished pianist as to the student, who would get at the root of the marvellous effects which Thalberg produces in his playing.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

